# Our Opening ....

..... Week.

Next week occurs our formal display of Spring Woolens for Men's-Youths' and Boys' Wear-To make this a red letter week in our . mercantile history-We've drawn liberally upon the chief woolen centers of the world-How liberally is for you to decide, and you'll be cordially welcomed and shown through our establishment.

### A Spring Top Coat

is a necessity—We would like you to pass upon the productions which leave this establishment-We would make special mention of our New "Coverts"-twenty different shades of cloths from which to choose--price

To Measure, 15.

<del>\*</del>

\*

Mertz and Mertz. 906 F Street, New "Era" Tailors.

Baltimore Store, 6 East Baltimore st., Near Charles st.

"I want to be the jeweler who comes into your mind first."

## Monday the last day.

-On Monday the discount of 15 per cent on Silver, Gold and Diamonds positively ends. You'll really have to come at once or be too late.

C. H. Davison,

Jeweler. 1105 F St.

(Continued from Seventh Page.)

sachusetts avenue, where dancing was en jcyed. Among those present were the Misses Mary Bean, Julia Covington, Alice Carraway, Edith Cope, Florence Bean, Virgie Luckett, Edith Jenkins, Masters Raleigh Luckett, Arthur Roberts, Louis Cuvillier, Howard Vaughn, Hubbard Bean, George Swift, Willie McClenzy, Earl Cra-George Swift, Willie McClenzy, Earl Cra-gon, David Forrester, Sherwood Brown and Norval K. Tabler.

The Chrysanthemum Euchre Club was entertained by the Misses Halley, 627 7th street southwest. At the close of the games Mr. Webb and Mrs. Hildreth were awarded prizes. Among those present were Mrs. Torrey, Mrs. Bessellevre, Mrs. Wind-sor, Miss Imerie and Miss Stidham and Messrs. Bessellevre, Torrey, Stidham, Windsor, Harper, Hildreth and Halley.

Miss Bessle Orme gave a very pleasant card party to a few of her friends last evening. The prizes were quite handsome, the first and second being won by Misses Louise Cox and Virginia Adler. Among those present were Misses Lillian Cragin, Virginia Adler, Alice Ramsburg, Julia Wood, Grace Clifton, Belle Graves, Sophia Stuart, Genevieve Woodruff, Ethel Sigsbee, Myra Davis, Agnes McChesney, Alice Bishop, Louise Cox, May Adams and Katharine Peck, Messrs. Hunter, Green, Stuart, Wag-gaman, McCartney, Gray, Gordon, Ritten-house, Tenney, Clifton, Shuster, Cox, Hal-cembe and Halford.

The Current Events Club met at the home of Mrs. E. H. Grant, Franklin street, yesterday afternoon, with the president, Mrs. Mary M. North, presiding. The sub-jects for discussion were "Cuba" and "Eugene Field." Mrs. J. H. Simpson read a paper on the geography and natural advantages of Cuba, and Miss Cora McLean read another on the present troubles in the island; Mrs. E. H. Grant a paper upon the Spaniard in Cuba. The Field program comprised a reading by Mrs. Emily Lee Sherwood, and recitations by Miss Theodere dora North, Miss Olive Simpson and Mrs. M. M. North; a sketch of Eugene Field, by Miss Jean C. Simpson; recitation, "Johnny's Opinion of Grandmothers," H. Lawton; "The Kiss," Mrs. Jane McLean. Refreshments were served by the hostess before adjournment.

The regular meeting of the Columbia Assembly was held Tuesday evening at the home of Miss Grace Curtin, in Eckington.

Miss Emily Donath, Miss Edna Bell, Mr.

J. E. Balderston and Mr. Z. D. Blackstone West and Mr. Z. D. Blackstone were elected to membership. Euchre prizes were won by Miss Miller and Mr. McKeever. Those present were: Misses Grace Curtin, Edna Bell, Emily Donath, Della Michael, Ada Miller, Helen Mc- N. Y., Keever, Jennie Wiley, Mrs. C. G. Curtin, Messra A. L. Doran, J. E. Balderston, H. Lown.

THE SOCIAL WORLD H. McKeever, jr., Allen Hamman and R. A. Mrs. R. Smith of 1311 Connecticut avenue entertained the ladies of the southern relief committee. Those present were Mrs Camden, Mrs. W. Peechy, Mrs. Murphy, Mrs. T. G. Riley, Miss Fairfax, Mrs. A. G. Holland, Mrs. Dorsey, Mrs. R. N. Harper

and Mrs. Munroe. Mrs. Hicks will be at home informally Monday, from 3 to 6, at her residence on Capitol Hill, 1001 Massachusetts avenue. The S. G. and D. B. Club gave a delightful leap year ball last evening at Carroll Inleap year ball last evening at Carroll Institute Hall. Those present, were Mrs. Howard F. Johnson, Mrs. Lee, Mrs. Lamont, Misses Lee, Misses Babbon, Miss Fisher, Miss Phil. Wattles, Miss M. Van Rensselaer Morgan, Miss Clure, Miss Chapman, Miss Plaint, Miss Johnson, Misses Laura and Mattie Morgan, Miss-Hine, Miss Stewart, Miss Pollok, and Messrs. Vaughn, Clagett, Webb, Lee, White, Powell, Morgan, Lybrook, Doyle, Claughton, Amiss, Webber, Stillwag, Hartsfield, Hagan, Parrott, Groverfield, Kelly, Dr. Ellis, Dr. R. W, Washington, Gordon Blackwell, Mr. Jennings, Dr. Hester and Dr. L. F. Davis.

Mr. and Mrs. Russ Whytal gave a box party to Mrs. R. W. Gillis and family Thurs-

A pleasant surprise was tendered Mr. G. M. Gerhauser at his residence, at 607 G. M. Gerhauser at his residence, at 607 South Carolina avenue southeast, Wednesday evening to celebrate his birthday. Games, vocal and instrumental music was enjoyed until a late hour, and during the evening an elegant Good Templar's pin and a bouquet was presented to him by his friends of Liberty Lodge, No. 8, after which all repaired to the dining room, where refreshments were served. Among where refreshments were served. Among those present were Mr. and Mrs. A. J. Kennely and son, W. W. Mills and daugh-

Geo. Stevenson of East Washington Heights, Mrs. Darnell and daughter, Misses Tillie Roth and sister, Anna Moyer, Lina Melchor, Pumphrey, Holmes, Perkins, Mrs. L. Rottenberry, Messrs. Louis Smith and Wm. Murphy.

Vm. Murphy. Mrs. Robert N. Harper will not be at nome Mondays during Lent.

Ambassador and Mrs. Uhl gave a farewell reception yesterday at the Arlington, assisted by their daughters and Mrs. Lazo Arriaga, Mrs. Tittman, Miss de Mondonca and Miss Smith. It was a most pleasant occasion. Mr. and Mrs. Uhl leave here Mondon day for Grand Rapide

day for Grand Rapids.

Mr. and Mrs. John L. Stearns of Denver and Mrs. William H. Hastings of Elizabeth, N. J., are spending a few days with their sister, Mrs. Wm. Schofield Hoge, 1402 15th

Mrs. H. R. Giffin of 436 10th street southwest gave a luncheon yesterday in honor of Mrs. Briscoe and little Lottie Briscoe of the Fair Virginia company. Those present were Miss Gussie Cipperely of Troy, N. Y., Mrs. Dent, Miss Rosie Dent, Mrs. L. Conley of New York, and Miss Bessie Lown.

### **CUBA'S GREAT SWAMP**

The Star Correspondent Penetrates the Dense Jungle.

RETREAT OF INSURGENT WOUNDED

Toilsome March Through Mire Up to the Waist.

From The Star's Special Correspondent. IN THE CIENAGA DE ZAPATA,

Cuba, February 15, 1896. Cuba is filled with interest. To say noth ng of the sanguinary struggle now going on between the enslaved and the enslaver, a combat watched with the keenest feeling by the whole world, the fair "Queen of the Antilles" has her castles surrounded by the deepest and darkest tragedy, her churches of ancient and sublime story, and her mountain fastnesses where liberty holds sway.

But to the Clenaga de Zapata is atached a peculiar interest. Its geographical surroundings, its physical build and its present uses combine to make it well worth of a visit. But there are many reasons why the "outsider," which may include the Spaniard, has not found it convenient or desirable to penetrate the Cienaga, the most dense jungle and least accessible

swamp in America. Spanish map makers have always placed the name in about its proper place within the outlines of the Island of Cuba; Spanish generals have sworn everlasting hatred against the name and the place; but neither the drawers of the maps nor the directors of the troops know much concerning that great patch of water, mud and bushes that in themselves protect the hospitals and principal stores of the Cuban epublican government. Spain has a great army, in point of number, at present in Cuba. She has a fine lot (well dressed and with an abundance of gold braid and lung power) of generals. She has more expert dispatch makers than one would dream existed. But she has not taken Cubitas, she is powerless in the Sierra Maestra mountains and she dares not even look into the Clenaga.

Spain holds the Island of Cuba by the cities. Her soldiery surround them, and have succeeded thus far in keeping the rebels out, as well as themselves in. But her numerous spies are not efficient; if they were your correspondent would not be here. Let there be no mistake about this. The spies above referred to are efficient in certain lines, for they succeed admirably in trumping up charges against innocent people and landing them in dungeons.

A case in point. A week ago two poor, ancocent fellows were arrested and brought to Havana, charged with assisting your correspondent at Nuevitas and Puerto Principe on his trip to interview President Cisneros, some five or six weeks since. As matter of fact, nobody's assistance was needed or sought at Nuevitas, while the guide from Puerto Principe, out through the country to the seat of the rebel government, is now in the United States, attending to matters of his own.

But the two men confined in the dismaf Cabanas, across from the city of Havana, are "suspected." More than that-there are hirelings of the government who will swear they saw them in the company of the American correspondent at the places above mentioned. There can be no questo their fate. They will not be shot, but infinitely worse-years of impris-orment in the combination pesthouse and penal institution at Ceuta, Africa, await

What gratification would it not be to the Spanish government could it, without fear of international complications, ship the American correspondent at the same time to its African dungeons! What pride the American feels for his grand and glorious Union at all times, and what satisfaction he experiences, in times such as this, when he knows that the stars and stripes com-mand the fear, if not the regard, of an antiquated and debauched monarchy

But what has all this to do with the Cienaga de Zapata? A great deal; inasmuch as the trip from Havana to Batabano and thence the outskirts of the everglades will not be described, lest more innocent fellows be doomed to chains on your correspondent's account. He was given twenty-four hours to leave the Island after the Gomez interview appeared. Then the time was made three days, and lastly, after much ado about a good deal, a week's time was al-lowed the obnoxious foreigner in which to pack his trunk and get from beneath the golden rays of Spain's benign rule. Exploring the Cienaga.

Four days of that week were well spent. A part of the great Cienaga was explored, several of the chief rebel hospitals were seen and the desire of visiting the mysterious swamp land was satisfied.

Who ever heard of a hospital in a swamp? Rather a peculiar iocation, it must be confessed; but the Cuban rebels find it very convenient, have no great objections to it and are certainly wise in their selection. This latter admission must be made when it is known that the Cubans, above all things, must consider the inaccessibility for the Spaniards of any position they may take up, whether it is for the capital of their government, the storing of their supplies or the attending to of their wounded. In this connection it may be said that had Maceo been anywhere near the Cienaga ten days ago the Spanish commander, Luque, would not now be wearing the cross of San Fernando for having killed a hundred Cueans, half of them previously wounded and

in bed, at Paso Real. It was only a row of about a dozen miles-four leagues, the Cuban would say-from a point on the southern coast of the Eve Faithful Isle to another point near El Ca-imito, on the outskirts of the Cienaga.

The night was charming and the sea was smooth. There was only the slightest breeze stirring and the black boatman was happy, for there would be no dauger of his craft—by no means frail—being blown out to sea or upon the beach.

A half mile to the left was the shore line of Cuba. It was low and uninviting, and the country back sloped away gently—so

gently in some places that you would be-lieve there was no country there. "What's the use of hurrying," said the boatman in reply to an insinuation that he was lazy; "it's only six miles now to the El Caimito landing, and if we arrive there before daylight the rebels will shoot us." Even though the sea and weather be all

that one could desire, few people would fancy the idea of drifting about in a boat five or six hours, and especially when Spanish coasters were known to be numerous all the way from Cape San Antonio to Manzanillo, and looking for just such stragglers. can't claim afterward," said the

darkey, by way of washing his hands of the affair, "that I was to blame for us both being killed for landing at El Calmito in the middle of the night," and then, after tugging away with renewed strength for awhile, he asked:

awhile, he asked:
"Are you afraid of sharks?"
"Well, slightly; why?"
"'Cause this bay is full of them, and they get thicker all the way from here to the coast. And are you afraid of croco-

"See here, boatman, are you doing you best to make this charming night hideous? Why do you ask all those questions? Let us hurry to Caimito and land, in spite of the rebel bullets. I guess the rebels won't hurt us."

A Deserted Shore.

But it was of no use. The warm rays of Old Sol were wending their way through the tall palm trees when a landing on the coast two miles from Caimito was made. Of rebels or Spaniards there were none. Not a soul gave greeting upon the arrival. Then the negro explained how the whole coast was alive with sharks, and how, had a landing at night been effected, those who were filled with a desire to penetrate the Cienaga would probably be regarded as tender morsels by the huge alligators that vegetation was inxuriant; so much so that in almost any direction the underbrush was clouded in semi-darkness.

"But where are the alligators?"

It was idle to ask, for soon the bubbling of the water in various places pointed them out. No one seemed to pay any attention,

come out for nocturnal dress parade on the soggy shore, if they had succeeded in clud-ing the sea monsters that were looking for

Bathing is not a feature of life along the seacoast of Cuba. Sometimes it is a feature of death—when an unfortunate sailor falls overboard or a boatman is unlucky enough to be out when a gale blows up.

Years ago there were no sharks in Cuban waters, and the natives bathed in the warm and soothing surf to their hearts' content. Columbus told how those he saw spent much of their time romping in the shallow water along the coast.

water along the coast.

But the slave trade began, and the sharks from Africa followed the ships across the ocean to devour those unfortunates who were fortunate enough to die on the way. And thus did the Spaniard cause the land and the sea to become inhabited by lovers of human prey.

El Caimito.

It was one league to El Caimito. The road was about three feet wide most of the way, but the short trees came close together at the top, and now and then you were compelled to "duck" to escape entanglement in some of the crawling vines overhead. But there was little to complain of. The earth was generally quite dry, and there were no reptiles about. Plenty of mosquitoes hummed a general and monotonous lullaby. Occasionally clumps of fine palm trees would be passed. Here and there a bird perched on a palm whistled a tune of its own composition. Your correspondent was in the vicinity of

El Caimito some time ago. He did not approach the village or learn what it was like. Had he, this visit would have been out of the question. One daylight view of Caimito is all ordinary eyes can bear.

It is a rebel town. The Spaniards do not want it, and the Cubans are satisfied thereat, for, notwithstanding its many drawbacks, Caimito is an important point, being at the entrance of the best road into the Cienaga. It is hard for one who has traversed that road to believe such a statement but

that road to believe such a statement, but the rebels say so, and they evidently know the highways of Cuba as well as do most other people.

It is really astonishing how many colonels there are in the rebel army. You meet one at every turn, and sometimes between

urns. Kentucky cannot hold a cardle to Suba in this respect.

Here Col. Bascon presented himself, and called for rebel passports.

"My Cutan passports are in the hands of the government at Havana, but I am an American newspaper correspondent and told Gen. Gomez I would like to visit the Cienaga de Zapata, and he said, Go

ahead."
"Well, you are crazy," was Bascon's rejoinder. Calmito is a place of about 700 people. The houses are all old and built of stone. Many of them are tumbling down, but the people hereabouts don't mind little things like that and so long as the big church is kept in good condition all is well. Near the church is a large wooden building, called the beautel large ed the hospital militar, a very warlike and d'gnified name for a harmless—unless it falls in—old building.

Here were about thirty seriously wounded men who this same day were to be taken into the Cienaga. The escort had not yet arrived, but was shortly expected, and after having breakfast they would start on the return trip. on the return trip.

In the meantime the village could be looked over. It was evident from the first that Spanish troops had never caused a ruffle in the surroundings of this queer old place. Beyond the town miles of swamp land intervened between it and the fertile lands of two provinces. swamp land intervened between it and the fertile lands of two provinces—Matanzas and Havana. The population of the place was supported by the rebel army, and the sole topic of conversation was the hospital service. Even the girls of the place—some very pretty onestimong them—talked only of "the poor solliers," and of bandages, and of the fatigum trip into the Cienaga and out again. and out again

At about 11 o'dock a part of the "commission" from within the Cienaga arrived. They were a sorry-looking lot. There was about forty in the first batch. Later on another party came; and still later at intervals other sections, until nearly 300 had arrived The sight of these were was enough to discourage the most defermined seeker of the curious. They wore heavy shoes, but no stockings, and only the most abbreviated pantaloons—like Scotch Highlanders, their legs were mostly her. egs were mostly beer. From head to foot the men were considered with mud-not mud-such as one ordinarily comes in contact with on the country roads, but soft, sticky mud, that forms a sort of plaster of paris "Does everybody look that way after making the trip?" It was a very natural ques-

"Often much worse than that," was the encouraging answer.

It was some time after the noon hour before the wounded were rolled in light canvas clankets, placed in hammocks and the lat ter fied to poles, the ends of which rested on the shoulders of two men. About a dozen wounded were carried in the first section. Seventy-two members of the commission and your correspondent accompanied them. to leave our wounded at Caimito, for wher there was a large number, say seven or eight hundred, the Spaniards would think the place worthy of an attack and they would take many prisoners. As it is, the rebel leaders march to Caimito, leave their wounded and are away again to the fighting

grounds. The sick men are only kept a day or two at Caimito, being sent back into the swamp hospitals." The Journey.

For a couple of miles the road was fairly good. It was not hard or macadamized, to be sure, but the mud was not more than a foot deep in most places, and good progress was made. Six men were with each of the wounded-two to carry and the other four to be always ready as reliefs. It is unnecessary to state that changes were made about every one hundred rods, but made about every one numered rous, but no delays were occasioned thereby.

"Why do we take such care of our wounded?" said Col. Bascon, repeating a question. "I will tell you. The leaders have studied this matter pretty thoroughly, and find that a wounded Cuban becomes more discounted. comes more determined, and is by far a better fighter after he has once felt the pang of the bullet or saber. The Spanish soldier when injured applies for his discharge, and is happy when he gets back home again. Not so with our men. After becoming strong in the Clenaga, and having a good rest, they are more anxious to face the enemy and are not possessed of the same fear. Take Gen. Maceo, for instance. He is literally covered with scars, and he cares no more for a saber slash

than ordinary people do for the scratch of By this time the beginning of the swamp was reached. The road was much in the nature of a narrow canal. On either side the banks rose from one to three feet above luxuriantly, and long tropical grasses mat ted the shady regions in all directions.

On went the little train. Some were far ahead and others far behind, and most of them out of sight, hidden by the low trees

and shrubbery that followed the winding Thank goodness, there were no snakes. It was such a relief to be told that such reptiles were scarce in the Cienaga, and "Ah, but the lalligators and crocodiles."

that none of them were poisonous. said Bascon. And then after a few min-utes he imparted the information that those animals would presently be encoun-

tered.

The wounded the a patient lot of fellows. To be sure, bey swore occasionally at the men carrying them, but that was only by way of making them do their duty, only by way of naking them do their duty, so that the unifortunate fellow who had been severely fangled in the field might not be allowed to so, hammock, pole and all; into the mile below.

It was the stangest sight in the world; and harder work than that done by the "carriers" would be difficult to find. Four men were now at each pole, and the other two assisted here and there as required.

"Yes, you fellows may laugh and enjoy yourselves," said one of the wounded, "but

"Yes, you fellows may laugh and enjoy yourselves," said one of the wounded, "but if you dump me into the water and I ever become able to handle a machete again I certainly will get even."

Such a remark would be made when the carriers were not sufficiently cautious in passing a particularly dangerous place, and the pole would slip from the shoulders of

one or more.

A distance of about ten miles had been A distance of about ten miles had been traveled before the alligator section of the Cienaga was reached. All of the party were now up to their waists in the mire, and the prospect ahead was far from being exhilarating to a novice. The sun shone brightly overhead, and the immeense swamp was like unto a steaming caldron under its rays. Everywhere the watery vegetation was luxuriant; so much so that in almost any direction the underbrush was

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Corner Eleventh. 

even though now and then one of the huge monsters, stepped upon by the men ahead, would make a swift movement to one side

or the other.
Bascon laughed at the correspondent's discomfiture. But who would not be dis-comfited when he did not know what minute he would again step upon one of the hard-billed creatures that snoozed con-tentedly beneath three feet of mud?" The journey was horrible. Never again for fame or for fortune would the misguided scribe seek the hospitals of the Clenaga. To turn back now would be cowardly. To continue would be fearful. To have ever thought of going was the height of inspirity.

5 o'clock San Lorenzo lake was reached. Within a half mile of this body of water the "road" led up from the swamp to higher land, a relief such as one can hardly appreciate. This land was comparatively dry, and the soil was black and fertile. Palm trees grew in wonderful abundance, and to a great size. Some of them were fifty feet in height.

All parties rested at the brow. Away to All parties rested at the brow. Away to the southward could be seen Lake San Lotenzo. Beyond it low hills rose. In all other directions the swamp alone was in

At the end of the road at the Lorenzo side the commission. They were there in charge of a huge raft, and immediately upon the train coming in sight began to make ready for the trip across the lake. Some of the wounded were known to them, and brotherly greetings were given. Then the wounded were placed aboard and the big raft was pushed off. Only the sick and those in charge of the transport were carried on the first trip over. The distance was about two-thirds of a mile across. Several men worked at immense wooden wheels at either side of the raft, while the others helped

along with poles and paddles.

The transport was gone but a remarkably short time when it returned for another load. Before the last of the party had been carried across the second "commission," which had left Caimito probably half an hour after the first, was in sight coming-

"This will mean that the 'ship' will be in service all night long," said one of the "sailors," "for, you see, there are still two more commissions, and if they are late we cannot cross the lake so rapidly."

Then he went on to explain that, although from a view of the surface there were ap-parently no obstructions in the lake, a regular course had to be followed, as in som places the water was very shallow and un-less extreme care was exercised the "ship" might run aground—run amud would be more correct—and considerable difficulty be

experienced in again moving her.

The commission's labors were over when it crossed Lorenzo lake. The wounded had been taken by men of the main hospital of San Luis, half a mile away, and were already with the maimed army at headquar

The Hospital.

A good road led to the main hospital Palm trees were thickly scattered about, and one could scarcely imagine himself in the midst of the great Cuban swamp. The hospital, which, by the way, comprises a dozen buildings, large and small, is situated on the most elevated point of ground in all this section. North, south, east and west marshy islands, moving bogs and muddy lakes stretch out for miles and

The hospital is nothing more than a resting place for wounded soldiers. Two young doctors, Perez and Marceau, are in charge, but their services are mostly of a surgical nature. A number of nurses do

The main buildings are merely great covered sheds, open on all sides, and with long slanting roofs. The framework is of palm tree trunks, the partitions of strips of palm and bark, and the "shingling" of dried palm leaves. In fact, all that is wooden about the buildings, even to the chairs, tables and stout hammocks, is of material from that very useful tree. Dr. Perez sa'd there were about six hundred men at the hospital, but a large ma-

jority of them were strong again, and would soon join the forces in the field. A few wounded arrived nearly every day, but the hospital was never overcrowded. Indeed, it was difficult to see how the institution could become overcrowded, when it is only the matter of a few hours' work to cut down the palm trees and erect

new quarters.

The hammocks were strung along in row from one end of the buildings to the other, and the soldiers who were seriously sick remained day and night in them. Those remained day and night in them. Those who were well or improving were about the buildings and grounds, or away hunting alligators, "fishing for eels" or shooting ducks.

"The men are quite happy here," said Dr. Perez, "and find plenty to amuse them. The entire swamp is alive with ducks and other fowl, and we are never in want of freed meat. Turties, too, are numerous.

fresh meat. Turtles, too, are numerous, and farther south, near the seacoast, splendid white fish are found in abundance. What more could a sick soldier wish for?

"While most of our work is with the krife," went on the doctor, "we do very little amputating, for above all things the Cienaga hospitals are for the purpose of saving our soldiers; not for maiming them so as to render them unfit for future service. There is a man there," pointing to one of the new arrivals, "who has been here twice before since the beginning of the war, and I will guarantee that within a month he will be back with Gen. Banderas, 1 pon whose staff he is an officer."

The soldier referred to was a powerful.

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tern separately, leaving the ugly, and choesing the prettiest!

For instance, take our line of Dress Goods at 50c.; although we less and a great many for more, you won't find a larger variety anywhere, and probably not one of our patterns is to be seen elsewhere. Many of these 50-cent Dress Goods are equal in effect and stylishness to the 75c, and \$1 Dress Goods sold elge-

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We are showing a special quality of Black Satin Duchess, so fashionable and

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Big "Novelty" Plaids are the rage in Paris at present. In addition to selecting just the sort of pattern and color you like best for your spring waist, you can also gave money in buying of us:

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the Clenaga was the principal rendezvous of the rebeis, who here had their official headquarters, their chief stores and main hespitals. Nor was ever an attempt made to dislodge them.

San Luis is the principal station in the Cienaga, but there are stores and hospitals.

at El Menando and at the points on the Hattiguanito river. These are further back from San Luis, and are reached only by boats or by long circuitous tramps through deeper mire. An invitation to make an "excursion" taking in all the points was respectfully declined. WM. F. MANNIX.

EAST SIDE WINE MAKERS.

A Quaint Industry Transferred From Sunny Italy to New York. From the New York World.

The creak of primitive Italian wine presses may be heard any day at this season of the year in the dingy tenement houses of the Italian quarter. This old industry has been carried bodily from the Italian vineyards and set down in the most crowded section of New York. The machinery is of the kind used more than a century ago in Italy. The presses, which are of oak, are covered with the accumulation of many yards of cobwebs. This vintage of Mulberry street does not command fancy prices. It is only mildly intoxicating, but the product is very popular in the gloomy little wine shops in the basements along these crowded thoroughfares. The supply of grapes for this curious industry is obtained from upper New York state. It affords an excellent opportunity for the grape dealers to dispose of their surplus stock as well as for the fruit which is good for nothing but to be dumped into the river. The Italian wine pressers of New York city usually manage to secure what grapes they want for about a cent a pound. At this season of the year the grape growers up the river are very well stocked. They are in the habit of storing large quantities of grapes during the surmer in the hope that a better price may be had during the winter. The trouble is that so many of the grape growers come to the same conclusion that the market is glutted when the demand is expected to be greatest.

This gives the Italian wine-pressing in-dustry of Mulberry street just the opportu-nity-it needs. The Italians besiege the The soldier referred to was a powerfully built black. man, who was already fast asleep in his hammock. He had twice been stot, and this time was suffering from an ugly gash in the neck made by a Spanish bayonet. While the steel was still in him he had killed and disarmed his adversary. The Spaniards are not feared in the Cienaga. So far as is known, an officer or soldier of the government has never penetrated the deep recesses of the great swamp,

Repeated the Words So Often Uttered by Its Invalid Mother.

From the Florida Times-Union. To a respectable colored couple a baby was born out in Oakland recently, which talked three different times during its short life of six hours. This is fully attested by the child's mother and grandmother, the midwife, and two other reputable witnesses. The mother of the child is Mrs. J. E. Thomas, who is living with her mother,

Mrs. Nannie Black, on Florida avenue, corner of Albert street, in Oakland. The mother had been a very sick woman for a long time before the birth of her child, and since the loss of her little one has been made so nervous by people coming and asking about the child marvel that she and per mother concluded to tell the whole thing to the Times-Union, so that the people might read it. Mrs. Thomas ac-

cordingly sent the following note to the office: "Mrs. J. E. Thomas presented her husband with a little girl on January 17, considered the most sensible child ever were born. It talk plainly. These are the words that it said: 'Oh, Lord! Oh, Lord!' In a few minutes it spoke rgain, saying, 'Oh, Lord!' Called 'Mamma, mam-

ma, mamma, three times. Born 6 o'clock, died 2 o'clock." Mrs. Peterson, the midwife who attended at the child's birth, is a gray-haired but at the child's latter, is a gray-hand of the strong and upright colored woman, who is known all over this part of the state for her profound knowledge of all sorts of medicinal herbs and other natural remedies

medicinal herbs and other natural remedes for the sick. She told this story: "The baby was born a strong, big child, look like it was two months old. I had just called for the things to fix the baby, when called for the things to fix the baby, when it commenced to fret a little. In a minute the little thing opened its eyes, looking above, and opened its mouth, just as natural as I could, and said: 'Oh, Lord! Oh, Lord! Oh, Lord!' Three times it said 'Oh, Lord!' and I could have run, only there laid its poor, crippled mother, with Sister Jane heiding her up, and I had to stand to my

outy.
"They all heard it. Sister Jane MacElroy
"They all heard it. and its "They all heard it. Sister Jane MacElroy, and Sister Jane Taylor heard it, and its poor mamma and grandma heard it.
"The little thing laid still then for a spell, and directly it spoke again, just a natural as anybody, and called, 'Oh. Lord!"
"That baby spoke again and "alled its mamma three times, 'Mamma, mamma, mamma,' and when its mamma looked at it, she said, 'Look, granny, at this child,' and I looked, and the child was dead."

The Unpleasable Woman.

rom the Indianapolis Journal. "I took out \$10,000 insurance on my life oday," said the meek man. "I suppose you will live for sixty or seventy years now," said his wife, in an ag-grieved tone.